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## THE MACDERMOTTS OF BALLYBANE:

### AN IRISH STORY OF REAL LIFE.

THE best 'holding' of land on the Ballybane property was that of old Darby MacDermott. His crops were always first sowed, and first home; his haggard, the neatest and best thatched; his fences in the best condition, and his house the snugest in the village. Darby was never a day behind-hand with his rent. The 1st of May and the 1st of November found him, wet or dry, good season or bad season, at the office with his old worsted stocking, in the very corner of which his half-year's rent lay safely counted. He was a decent old man, who always minded his business, and attended to his duties, and had few troubles in the course of his threescore and ten years. He had two sons: Martin, the eldest, a dark handsome man, with a square heavy face, and a pair of dark, restless, glittering eyes—a man whom every one respected, but very few liked; and Owen, a fair, curly-haired, delicate boy, who had been his mother's darling. Old Darby was fond of both his sons, but the sturdy, healthy Martin was decidedly his favourite; and when he died, it was found that the greater part of his savings went to his first-born.

Owen was not either of a jealous or envious disposition; still, he sometimes thought it rather hard that his brother should have all the luck. Martin was strong and healthy and handsome, had been his father's favourite, and was master of the farm after his death. All the stock and crops, and everything, was the property of Martin; and Owen was the possessor of but fifty pounds. Forty years ago, two hundred pounds in ready money was considered a fortune, and even fifty pounds was not by any means to be despised; and when old Darby MacDermott left his boys so well off, there were few men in Ballybane who did not envy them—Martin especially, who was looked up to by his neighbours as little short of a gentleman, certainly as a man who might keep his jaunting-car if he chose. But the possession of money made no change in the new tenant of the Upland Farm,

as the MacDermotts' holding was called. He just worked as hard as ever, getting up at six o'clock in the morning, and going to bed late. Owen lived with him, and worked too, just as usual, only that during his father's time he might spend his evenings reading old newspapers, or writing letters to his acquaintances who had gone to America. But Martin thought such occupations mere waste of time, and when the day's work was ended, and the supper over, he ordered the fire and the lights to be put out.

The next farm to that of Martin MacDermott's on one side was held by Michael O'Byrne, a farmer who had been well to do once, but misfortunes of late years had come thickly on him, and he had hard work to keep the farm together. On the other side, a small holding of about fifteen acres was held by a good-for-nothing old fellow, named Patrick Heveran, who was little better than a nuisance to the entire neighbourhood. However, one morning he was found dead in his bed; and Owen MacDermott, without taking counsel of any one, went to the agent, and asked if he might have the vacant farm, as he wished to settle down on his own account. The agent promised, and, full of hope and joy, Owen went about his work. The next day was the 17th of March, St Patrick's Day, and a general holiday; and, early in the morning, Owen dressed himself in his Sunday suit, and went out. A little way down the road, he met a young girl, also dressed in her best—a crimson stuff dress, a gay shawl, and a cross of ribbon of all the colours in the rainbow on her shoulder. Her fair hair was twisted carelessly round her head, and her soft blue eyes had a startled look in them.

'Oh, Ownie, avourneen, I was afeard you weren't comin'; and sure, sorra a bit of shamrock you have in your cap this blessed mornin'. Why is that, dear?'

'I was in a hurry to see you, my darlin', he answered, looking tenderly into the sweet shy face. 'Julia, I have some good news for you this mornin'; let us walk down this lane, and I'll tell you, and look for my shamrock at the same time.'

Together they turned down a lane, or rather

footpath, bordered on one side by a thick black-thorn hedge, and a broad meadow on the other.

'Julia,' said Owen, 'you know I'm fond of you, since you were a wee shy delicate little creature. I never had any sweetheart but yourself, and now I want you to fix the day; I'm goin' to take you all to myself. You know Pat Heveran's houldin'; I went to the office yesterday, and axed for it, and the agent as good as promised me it. Now, Judy!'

'I am so glad, Ownie,' was all the girl answered, very softly, but there were tears of genuine delight in her eyes as she looked up at him. Well it was that neither of them saw the dark face which watched them from the other side of the hedge, or heard the muttered threats that were hurled after them, or they might not have enjoyed the remainder of that day as they did.

St Patrick's Day in Ireland, forty years ago, used to be very different from what it is now; and when Julia O'Byrne and Owen MacDermott entered the market-town of Gort, after a long ramble through the fields in search of a shamrock, it presented a gay appearance. The principal street was lined with stalls filled with oranges, apples, and gingerbread, gay crosses, and sugar-sticks. There were tents full of 'boys' and girls eating, drinking, and laughing; large pots of boiling bacon and potatoes, barrels of porter and kegs of potheen, and Irish pipers playing with all their might. From stall to stall, and from tent to tent, Owen and Julia wandered, enjoying everything, till late in the evening, when they met Martin MacDermott and Julia's father, both evidently in high spirits, and chatting confidentially. They went into a tent together, and after an hour's chat, came out more good-tempered and confidential than ever, and sought Julia and Owen.

'Come here, my colleen!' O'Byrne said in rather a thick voice. 'I have made a match for you with Martin! Go over and sit by the side of him.'

'With Martin, father!' the girl said, looking with dismay at the stern dark man she almost hated, and certainly feared. 'With Ownie, you mean.'

'Sorra a bit of it, Julia; but Martin—Martin, the master. Poor Ownie has nothing.'

'He's promised Heveran's farm, father.'

'No, my dear; it's me that has Heveran's houldin', Martin said with a sinister smile; 'and it's me you're goin' to marry.'

Owen walked up to his brother, and, looking him straight in the face, said in a clear, calm voice: 'What do you mean, Martin MacDermott?'

'What I said just now—that I got Heveran's houldin', and took my oath to marry Julia O'Byrne. I told it to her father, half an hour ago.'

'You mean to say you are goin' between me and the colleen I love—the colleen I have loved since she was up to my knee! You mean to say you are goin' between me and these few dirty acres of Heveran's that I axed first, and bespoke; between your only brother and all the hopes of peace he has in this world—you, that has full and plenty, Martin MacDermott!'

'I'm goin' to marry Julia,' Martin replied with sullen determination.

'Julia, what do you say?' Owen asked, turning to the girl, who stood silently weeping.

'I must answer for her,' O'Byrne said. 'I promised her to Martin, and I'm not goin' back of my word, I can tell you. What have you to shew? How do you mean to keep her?'

'What do you say, Julia?'

'I wish to stick to you, Ownie, and never marry any one else—never, never, as I hope for luck!'

'God bless you for them words, darlin'! Only be true and faithful, and I'll soon have a cabin for you somewhere.'

'Julia!' said her father, raising his hands to heaven, 'if you ever marry that boy, ever spake to him, ever think of him, I'll curse you on my bare knees! You don't know what a father's curse is! —Don't bring it on my child, if you love her. Never come across her again, Ownie MacDermott!'

'You hear that, Julia. What am I to do?'

Owen asks. 'Go away, and never come near me again, or he'll curse me, Ownie. Go away!'

Owen MacDermott stood perfectly still for a few minutes, and then, raising his eyes to heaven, and with the impetuosity of a young Irishman, called down a bitter curse on his only brother. 'May you never be happier than I am now, sleeping or waking! May everything you put your hand to turn to dust and ashes! May your children live to hate and dishonour you, Martin MacDermott!' And with one long look at the trembling Julia, Owen rapidly passed out into the cold darkness of the March evening, and was seen no more in Castlegar. Ten pounds of the money left him by his father he took, the remainder lay in the bank. But which side he went, or what became of him, no one knew.

A year passed away, and then Michael O'Byrne died; and Julia, from sheer inability to resist any longer, became the wife of Martin MacDermott, though she feared the very sound of his voice, and trembled at his touch. He was a tyrant, but she scarcely heeded that, for she had no will, and no wish to do anything but what he bade her. She had children, but one after another they sickened and died, and things in general began to go wrong with Martin; his shabby churlishness making him generally disliked. When they were ten years married, Julia died in giving birth to twins, a fine healthy boy and a girl. Both lived, and all the affection their father had for anything he centred on the boy he called Darby after his own father. The little girl, Julia, he cared nothing about, allowing her to grow up just as best she could. The farm Martin took so treacherously from his brother, he gave up long before, as nothing ever sown there prospered, and indeed, acre by acre, the Upland Farm had been going for years. Darby MacDermott grew up to be a fine handsome man, first and foremost in every mischief the village could afford; and at twenty years of age, got transported for seven years for treason-felony, as he had taken an active part in the rebellion of 1848. Julia was an idle, careless girl, who spent her time in gossiping in the neighbour's house, instead of taking care of her father, a weak, helpless old man, who toiled early and late trying to keep a roof over his head. All his wretched schemes had turned out badly. They had not in them the ring of a straightforward and honest man. Above all, the trouble and disgrace of his son Darby completely broke him down, and he took to his bed, only wishing and wanting to die. 'It's the curse, it's Ownie's curse,' he would moan for hours, as he lay alone without a soul to hand him even a drink of water. 'Sure, I might have known it would come.'

At length the climax of Martin MacDermott's

sufferings was reached, the measure of his punishment filled up. For three years he had not paid a sixpence of rent, and he was dispossessed, turned out of the house in which he had been born, and his father and grandfather before him, to die by the way—left homeless and friendless by the roadside, on a dreary November morning.

Remembering his unkindness to his only brother, his harshness to his poor, timid, patient wife, his blind indulgence of his son in the face of patent facts, his total neglect of his only daughter, and his mean scheming character, there were few to pity Martin MacDermott in his trouble; and so he was taken to the workhouse, his house knocked down, and not a trace left of what had been once a happy homestead.

And Owen, when he left the tent that ever-memorable St Patrick's night, it was with the resolve of going away for ever—anywhere, so that he was far from the place which had suddenly become hateful to him. He walked all night, and at the break of day found himself just outside the town of Ballinasloe. There he had some breakfast, and, at the inn, he entered into conversation with some men who were going to England with cattle, and were in want of a drover. Owen offered his services, and, as he appeared a quiet, respectable young man, they were accepted at once. They reached Dublin in three days, and then started for Liverpool, where Owen said good-bye to the cattle-jobbers, and took a passage to America in the *Golden Cross*. On board, he made himself so useful and agreeable to the captain, that he gave him a recommendation to a merchant in New York, who took him into his office. For five years, Owen worked patiently and steadily, and then his master promoted him to be a clerk; and so on from step to step, his patient, honest industry raised him, till he became partner in one of the first firms in the great city. Then, when he paused to consider that he was rich and independent, and a gentleman, came home-longings. The Upland Farm, the lane where he last walked with Julia, the quiet little market-town—all used to come before him as he sat in his grand lonely house; and at last he resolved to pay his native place a visit.

He arrived at Gort late on the afternoon of the 16th of March, and determined to remain quiet till the next day, when he felt pretty sure of meeting his brother Martin. It was just thirty years since Owen left his native place, and there were fewer changes in the dull little country town than he anticipated—far fewer changes than there were in himself. But when St Patrick's Day dawned clear and frosty, he could not rest, and started early in the well-remembered direction of the Upland Farm. How his heart beat as he drew near the old cabin, weather-stained and desolate, which had been the home of Julia; and how it stood still as he reached the level field of oats which was just coming over ground where his father's house stood! Faint and sick, he entered the first cabin he came to, and asked a drink of water. A wretched old woman, seeing how white he looked, asked him to take a stool, which he did, and after a few minutes' silence, he began to ask some questions about the place. A young girl, with a face that would have been pretty but for its sulky expression, and a quantity of fair hair negligently hanging over her shoulders, looked up from a heap

of flax she was carding, and examined the stranger attentively, as he asked the old woman what had become of the MacDermotts.

'Come here, Judy, and tell his honour what become of Martin MacDermott and his blessed family.—This is his daughter, sir.'

'And Martin, what has become of him? Is he dead?' Owen asked breathlessly.

'No; it would be a good job if he was,' the girl said sullenly: 'he's in the poorhouse!'

Owen buried his face in his hands, and wept aloud. Surely his curse had fallen hot and heavy; far, far hotter and heavier than he meant it should. 'Girl! did you ever hear of your uncle Owen? I am he! Take me to your father. And this is Julia's daughter! I might have known; you are so like her.'

It was hard to make poor old Martin MacDermott understand that his brother had come back, and was rich, and willing to help him; but when it did dawn on his feeble mind, his sorrow and his gratitude were touching to behold. 'Take me away, Ownie—take me away from Ballybane. I can never hold up my head among the neighbours again. Sure I'm a poor broken-down ould creature; but I have a small taste of the spirit of the MacDermotts left yet, in spite of all my troubles. Take me an' Julia away, Ownie.'

There was now demonstrated a beautiful instance of magnanimity. Owen took his brother and his niece to New York; but Martin did not long live to enjoy the splendid home of Owen. Six months after they landed, he died, without any visible or local cause—simply of a broken heart. Julia took her place as mistress of her uncle's establishment; and before very long, married the son of his partner, and had a fine house of her own; and when Darby's term of transportation expired, his uncle took him to live with him. The young man had learned a severe lesson, but he profited by it; and is now one of the most prosperous and esteemed merchants in New York. His children climb on the knees of a white-haired, gentle, old man they call Uncle Owen; and he sometimes says to Darby, as he strokes his eldest boy's golden curls: 'Your Owen is like me, nephew; I can see that. I'm a happy old man. I could not have been so, had I committed any horrid act of vengeance. In doing good for evil, I feel that I am truly blest.'

## HISTORY OF ADVERTISING.

A GENTLEMAN has been at extraordinary pains to write a *History of Advertising, from the Earliest Times*,\* and he has made a very substantial volume, which might have been made more substantial still, if he had not exercised sound judgment and resisted temptation; for of advertisements, if of anything, it may be said that enough is as good as a feast; and a history of advertising, from the nature of the case, must consist, to a great extent, of illustrative specimens.

The first point to which attention is drawn is the erroneous assumption, that advertisements are of comparatively modern origin. It does not appear that Nimrod is known to have advertised his meets; but it is confidently asserted, on the

\* *A History of Advertising, from the Earliest Times.* By Henry Sampson. Chatto and Windus.

authority of Smith and others, that advertisements, which, most likely, took the form of what is now generally known as 'billing,' were not unknown in ancient Greece and Rome. But, at anyrate, advertisement is of ancient date in this country, though the extraordinary development it has exhibited within the last few years has drawn especial attention to it, and thus made people regard it as something quite recent. Nowadays, it is scarcely possible to purchase a single article which does not carry upon it some sort of advertisement; or to cast the eyes in any direction, out of doors, without finding them alight upon some species of advertisement. But, after all, the newspapers are, if not the chief, the most interesting vehicles of advertisement; and from them, chiefly, an historian of advertising would most naturally and most properly cull his samples.

It is notorious that most newspapers and periodicals derive the bulk of their income from their advertisements; and it is stated, as might have been supposed, that, in London, the *Times* and *Telegraph* absorb the lion's share of the advertisers' money. In the case of the *Times*, the receipts in the advertisement department are said to be about one thousand pounds a day. As for the *Telegraph*, we are told that a number of that paper, in December 1873, contained one thousand four hundred and forty-four advertisements, and that these may fairly be calculated to produce five hundred pounds or thereabouts; but that the *Telegraph* proprietors do not, however, get all the profit out of the advertisements, for, in its early and struggling days, they were glad, naturally, to close with advertisement agents, who agreed to take so many columns a day at the then trade price, and who now have a vast deal the best of the bargain. Of other London papers, it is said that 'the *Standard* has, within the past few years, developed its resources wonderfully, and may be now considered a good fair third in the race for wealth, and not by any means a distant third, so far as the *Telegraph* is concerned.' Of the *Daily News*, we learn that it 'has, since the Franco-Prussian war, been picking up wonderfully, and . . . many experienced advertisers have a great regard for the *News*, which they look upon as offering a good return for investments. The *Morning Advertiser*, as the organ of the licensed victuallers, is, of course, an invaluable medium of intercommunication among members of "the trade;" and in it are to be found advertisements of everything to be obtained in connection with the distillery, the brewery, and the tavern.' As for the *Morning Post*, it resembles the *Advertiser* in one respect—namely, that it has its own exclusive clientèle. Manchester and Liverpool, our authority says, 'possess magnificent journals, full of advertisements, and of large circulation; and so do all other large towns in the country; but we doubt much if, out of London, Glasgow is to be beaten on the score of its papers or the energy of its advertisers.' What, however, proves advantageous to the owners of a paper crammed with advertisements, is apt not to be relished by those who read for the sake of news. In some newspapers that fall under our attention, the news part has been crushed down to two pages, while the advertising part has been gradually swelled out to six. 'What is fun to you is death to us,' say general readers; 'we do not wish to pay money for what is mainly

a sheet of advertisements.' The thing, as we see, may be carried too far.

The ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum afford, as might have been expected, examples of the ancient mode of advertising: 'the walls in the most frequented parts are covered with notices . . . painted in black and red.' Announcements of plays and gladiators are common, of course; and so are those of salt-water and fresh-water baths. Moreover, just as provincials in our day recommend their articles or processes by informing the public that the things have come from London or from Paris, or are done as in London or as in Paris, so did they of Pompeii and Herculaneum—though they must have been worthy of a more dignified name than provincials—not unfrequently proclaim that they followed the customs of Rome at their several establishments. In still earlier times, especially amongst the Greeks, a common medium of advertisement was the public crier; and another, in cases of things stolen or strayed, or of injuries inflicted upon the advertisers, was an inscription affixed to the statues of the infernal deities, invoking curses upon the offender.

In mediæval times, it appears that the advertising shopkeeper's chief organ was the public crier; and it was also customary for most traders to have touters at their doors, just as the cheap photographers now have in London. That part was acted subsequently, and is still, in some localities, by the shopkeepers and shopservers themselves, vociferating, after the manner of the apprentices in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, 'What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack?' It is assumed that 'one of the very first posters ever printed in England was that by which Caxton announced, circa 1480, the sale of the "Pyres of Salisbury use," at the Red Pole, in the Almonry, Westminster.' Any Simple Simon is warned against supposing that Caxton's announcement had anything to do with the wares of a pie-man, and is informed that the expression, suggestive of edibles, had reference to 'a collection of rules, as practised in the diocese of Salisbury, to shew the priests how to deal, under every possible variation in Easter, with the concurrence of more than one office on the same day.'

It is mentioned by our authority that 'in England the first *bond-fide* attempt at newspaper-work was attempted in 1642, when the outbreak of the great Civil War caused an unusual demand to be made for news, and suggested to a bookseller and pamphleteer the idea of printing a weekly newspaper from the Venetian gazettes, which used to circulate in manuscript. After one or two preliminary attempts, he acquired sufficient confidence in his publication to issue' a long advertisement; but, like most innovations, his 'attempt met with an indifferent reception, and was greeted in the literary world with a shower of invective. . . . What is generally supposed to be, but is not, the first authenticated advertisement in England, appeared in the *Mercurius Politicus* for January 1652, and runs thus: "IRENODIA GRATULATORIA, an Heroick Poem; being a congratulatory panegyrick for my Lord General's late return, summing up his successes in an exquisite manner. To be sold by John Holden, in the New Exchange, London. Printed by Tho. Newcourt, 1652."

In 1657, 'appeared a weekly paper which assumed the title of the *Public Advertiser*, the first number being dated 19th to 26th of May. It was printed for

Newcombe, in Thames Street, and consisted almost wholly of advertisements, including the arrivals and departures of ships, and books to be printed. Soon other papers commenced to insert more and more advertisements. . . . Most of the notices at this period related to runaway apprentices and black boys, fairs and cock-fights, burglaries and highway robberies, stolen horses, lost dogs, swords, and scent-bottles, and the departure of coaches on long journeys into the provinces, and sometimes even as far as Edinburgh.' At this time, it should be remembered, England swarmed with negro or mulatto boys, who were frequently offered for sale, by means of advertisements. In 1682, 'one John Houghton, F.R.S., who combined the business of apothecary with that of dealer in tea, coffee, and chocolate, in Bartholomew Lane, commenced a paper,' which at first failed, but was revived again on March 30, 1692. He by untiring perseverance, and no small amount of thought and study, may be said to have trained his contemporaries in the art of advertising, and to have left an example which might be followed with advantage at the present day; for he, when a number of quack advertisements had found their way into the paper, put a mark above them, with the following broad hint: 'Pray, mind the preface to this half-sheet. Like lawyers, I take all causes. I may fairly; who likes not, may stop here.' By this time, newspaper advertisements were getting well developed, chiefly through the medium of the *London Gazette*, the only paper that still exists of all those started about the middle of the seventeenth century.

When we reach the eighteenth century it is 'apparent that advertising has become recognised as a means of communication not only for the convenience of trade, but for political, love-making, fortune-hunting, swindling, and the thousand-and-one other purposes which are always ready to assert themselves in a large community;' and when we arrive at the end of the eighteenth and the commencement of the present century, we observe that matters were very nearly as we find them now. But, before quitting the eighteenth century, a brief account should be given of the birth and growth of a gigantic power. In 1785 was established the *Daily Universal Register*, which, on the 1st of January 1788, appeared as '*The Times, or Daily Universal Register, printed Logographically*. The price was threepence, and for many years the *Times* gave no promise of future greatness; but it was always fearless, and very early was fined, while its editor narrowly escaped imprisonment. In 1790, Mr Walter was actually incarcerated in Newgate, where he remained sixteen months, besides being fined two hundred pounds, for a libel on the Dukes of York and Clarence. He was released eventually at the intercession of the Prince of Wales. . . . It was under John Walter the second, born in 1784, that the *Times* rose to the place of the first newspaper in the world. . . . Whilst yet a youth, in 1803, he became joint proprietor and sole manager of the *Times*. . . . The *Times* denounced the malpractices of Lord Melville, and the government revenged itself by withdrawing from the Walters the office of printers to the Customs. . . . During the war between Napoleon and Austria, in 1805, the desire for news was intense. To thwart the *Times*, the packets for

Walter were stopped at the outports, while those for the ministerial journals were hurried to London. Complaint was made; and the reply was, that the editor might receive his foreign papers as a favour; meaning thereby, that if the government was gracious to the *Times*, the *Times* should be gracious to the government; but Walter would accept no favour on such terms. Thrown on his own resources, he contrived, by means of superior activity and stratagem, to surpass the ministry in early intelligence of events. The capitulation of Flushing, in August 1809, was announced by the *Times* two days before the news had arrived through any other channel. . . . He spared neither pains nor expense. . . . What a visionary could scarcely dare ask, the *Times* gave. To other journals, imitation alone was left. They might be more consistent politicians, but, in the staple of a newspaper, to be nearly as good as the *Times* was their highest praise.' And now, as has already been remarked, the receipts in the advertisement department are said to be about a thousand pounds a day—more than the revenue of many a principality.

Of curious and eccentric advertisements, so much has been written at different times in different papers, that the appetite of the public is likely to be a little cloyed. Still, a few specimens may be tolerated. One smiles to see a reward offered for restoration of a keyless lady's gold watch, or a green lady's umbrella; but, after all, the sense is so plain, that it requires a wilful misconception to create the smallest modicum of fun. It requires less effort to laugh at a husband with a Roman nose having strong religious tendencies. When a spinster, particularly fond of children, informs the public that she wishes for two or three, having none of her own, one cannot help smiling at the spinster's own guileless simplicity, which prevented her from noticing that her language was likely to be wilfully perverted by the malicious. An advertiser who 'wants a young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion,' simply places the cart before the horse. It is not improbable that the chemist, when he requested that the gentleman who left his stomach for analysis, would please call and get it, together with the result, was himself a wag, and knew perfectly well what he was about. There is something very droll about the confusion exhibited by the advertiser who, 'having made an advantageous purchase, offers for sale, on very low terms, about six dozen of prime port wine, late the property of a gentleman forty years of age, full in the body, and of a high bouquet.' Nor is it easy to preserve our gravity entirely, when we read: 'To be sold cheap, a splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail.' That lady ought certainly to make the acquaintance of the owner of a mail-phaton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head, as good as new. It is doubtful what was meant by the governess who advertised that, amongst other accomplishments, she was perfect mistress of her own tongue; there is an interpretation which should have secured her an offer of something better than a situation as governess. If we laugh, we must deeply sympathise with the wealthy widow who advertised for an agent, but, by a printer's error, was represented as requiring 'a gent,' and was, consequently, inundated with applications

by letter, and pestered by personal attentions. There is a good humorous advertisement inserted in a paper as long ago as 1816, evidently by a householder who has improved his dwelling for the benefit of a grasping proprietor; thus it runs: 'WANTED IMMEDIATELY, to enable me to leave the house which I have for these last five years inhabited, in the same plight and condition in which I found it, five hundred LIVE RATS, for which I will gladly pay the sum of five pounds sterling; and, as I cannot leave the farm attached thereto in the same order in which I got it, without at least five millions of docks and dockens (weeds), I do hereby promise a further sum of five pounds for said number of dockens.—N.B. The rats must be full grown, and no cripples.'

For dry humour, American advertisements seem to bear away the palm; and with the humour is mingled, sometimes, no little ingenuity. A story is told of a grocer in Pennsylvania, whose name was Jones, or who, at anyrate, was an agent for one Jones, and whose favourite place for advertising was the fence of a graveyard, upon which fence he inscribed in large white letters: 'Use Jones's bottled ale if you would keep out of here.' To conclude our specimens, we will give a characteristic advertisement sent out by a well-known boarding-house keeper in Princetown, Indiana: 'WANTED—Two or three boarders of a decent stripe, such as go to bed at nine o'clock without a pipe or cigar in their mouth. I wish them to rise in time to wash their faces and comb their heads before breakfast. When they put on their boots, to draw down their pants over them, and not have them rumpled about their knees, which is a sure sign of a rowdy. When they sit down to rest or warm by the fire, not to put their feet on the mantelpiece or bureau, nor spit in the bread-tray. And to pay their board weekly, monthly, or quarterly—as may be agreed upon—with a smile upon their faces, and they will find me as pleasant as an opossum (*sic*) up a persimmon tree.' The boarding-house keeper here satirises his countrymen in a fashion which would have been resented by them in the case of a Trollope or a Dickens.

### WALTER'S WORD.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—SIR REGINALD PROGRESSES.

THERE is many a dinner-party that is not a party of pleasure, although our inviter may have designed it to be so, in all good faith. It is not pleasant, for example, to be asked to meet a creditor, who is rarely at the same time one's friend; nor a man to whom, from any cause, it is necessary to make one's self civil, if one is not inclined to be so; nor some very great personage indeed, the satisfaction of meeting whom consists solely, if there be any, in the being able to boast of it afterwards; nor one's old love as a newly married woman; nor one's old friend, with whom there is a feeling of estrangement. Perhaps these last two are the most unpleasant to meet of all, and they were both awaiting Walter Litton that evening. He was to meet them also in the presence of a host who was unconscious of his acquaintance with them, and from whom he had designedly concealed that circumstance. He would have to act a part, and one that he felt he was ill adapted to fill, throughout that evening, and perhaps for many

evenings to come. It seemed to him that this was infringing the laws of hospitality, and soiling by ignoble use that name of gentleman of which he had hitherto thought himself worthy.

Without having any exaggerated opinion of himself, he had, up to this time, found himself perfectly at ease in any society to which he had been admitted, and had imagined, and with reason, that so it would have been in all cases; he was not dazzled by rank and show, though it was intuition rather than experience which had convinced him of their emptiness; his very simplicity made him natural in his manners; and natural manners—when the nature is good—are the best in the world. But on this occasion, while he attired himself for that little party at Willowbank, he felt like a girl who is going to her first ball—flurried, and nervous, and excited, and rehearsing to himself those little speeches, which are so certain not to be remembered when the time comes for their due delivery. His difficulty, like hers, was, that he could not foresee what others would say to him; he did not know what attitude the captain might adopt towards him, nor how far either he or Lotty would assist him in feigning a mutual ignorance of one another. So embarrassing was his dilemma, that he actually found himself considering whether it would be better for him to arrive late or early at Willowbank; in the end, he determined on going early, since he could then have no surprise sprung on him by the gallant captain—of whom he had suddenly grown unaccountably suspicious—in the way of judgment being passed against him by default. It would be clearly a disadvantage to him to enter the drawing-room without knowing what had passed at the first meeting of Sir Reginald with his 'papa.' This plan turned out even better than he had anticipated, for his cab drew up at the front door at the same moment as the very respectable brougham which conveyed the baronet and his bride, and the three met in the hall. Their mutual greeting was sufficiently guarded not to excite suspicion in the servants, yet warm enough to establish an understanding between themselves; and they entered the drawing-room together, like guests who have already made one another's acquaintance, and who need no further introduction. That was the ordeal, indeed, from which Walter had shrunk from most of all—the moment when his host should say: 'Mr Litton—my daughter,' or 'Mr Litton—Sir Reginald,' because it would necessitate an overt act of hypocrisy, as it were, on his part, whereas up till then he had only deceived by silence. This unpleasantness was now altogether avoided, partly by the circumstance I have mentioned, and partly because the position was too grave and peculiar to admit of mere conventional observances. The old merchant was standing stiffly by the fireplace when the three guests were announced; but the sight of his daughter was too much for the dignity he strove to maintain, and he stepped quickly forward and embraced her tenderly; then he offered his hand to her husband with a frank 'I am glad to see you, Sir Reginald,' and almost immediately afterwards to Walter himself. The ceremony of reconciliation was, in fact, made as short as possible; but for all that, it was plain that it was not without its effect upon the host, who, disinclined, or perhaps unable, to speak more, gazed with tears in his eyes at his two daughters as they rushed into each

other's arms. It was only natural, therefore, and in accordance with good taste, that Selwyn and Litton should affect to ignore his emotion, and enter into conversation together.

'If he asks you, Litton, whether you have ever met "Sir Reginald" before, you can say no, with truth,' whispered the captain hastily; 'and the same holds good with regard to her ladyship yonder.' This specious method of evading the difficulty had certainly not occurred to Walter, and did not recommend itself to him now, but, nevertheless, he replied: 'All right, old fellow; I'll do my best.' And then they fell to talking aloud upon indifferent topics. While they did so, Walter could scarcely keep his eyes off Lotty. Cloaked and hooded as she had been on her arrival, he had had no time to observe her fully; but now, in the brilliantly lit drawing-room, he noticed with pain how cruelly care had dealt with her brightness and beauty; so cruelly, indeed, that knowing what he did, he could not but suspect that not only care, but neglect and unkindness, must have had their share in effecting such a change. Her face had lost its rounded lines, its delicate tints, and had become sharp and wan; her eyes were red, which could scarcely have been accounted for by the tears that she was weeping then; her trembling lips smiled, indeed, but as though smiles were strangers to them; nay, the burden of sorrow seemed to have weighed upon her very frame, for her carriage had lost all the grace of girlhood.

He had feared for her some fate of this sort, and, under the apprehension of it, had portrayed her, as we know, from imagination; but so far had the actual change outstripped his fears, that, forgetting for the moment that the old man, like himself, had made a picture of her in his mind more consonant with the portrait than with the original, he almost marvelled how his picture could have recalled her to her father's remembrance. It was evident that the old merchant perceived this change himself, for he regarded Lotty with an expression of wistful tenderness that he took no pains to conceal; but, in all probability, he set it down solely to her long exile from home, and loved her, we may be sure, no less, that absence from his arms and roof had wrought such woe with her. He did not even apologise to Walter, when, upon dinner being announced, he offered his own arm to Lotty, and Selwyn of course taking Lilian, the young painter was left to bring up the rear of the little party alone. Except, however, in these tacit evidences of his affection and forgiveness, the host seemed resolved in no way to allude to the cause that had led to the dismemberment of his family; and his guests were only too glad to maintain a similar silence upon that topic.

The conversation at first was somewhat scanty and constrained, but never so much so as to become embarrassing; and as the good wine circulated which had been so long a stranger to the captain's palate, it moved his always fluent tongue to animated talk. His native sagacity taught him to avoid jesting under what he afterwards described as those 'rather ticklish' circumstances, and even to sink that tone of careless frivolity which was habitual to him; but he narrated incidents of his military career in a cheerful and entertaining style. Instinct told him that the army was not a profes-

sion that was popular with his new-found father-in-law, and therefore he confined himself to such anecdotes as would be most likely to interest an outsider. Had he been but a mere captain in the Heavies, he might not have succeeded so easily in gaining Mr Brown's attention; but that gentleman's ear, like those of many others of his class, was particularly formed to receive the narrations of persons of quality; and though he made some considerable resistance to the voice of the charmer, in the way of interruptions and objections—as if in protest against injured fathers-in-law being placed at once on too familiar a footing—he, in the end, accorded him a sufficiently gracious hearing. The story that pleased him most, and the one which the cunning captain had kept in reserve with that very object for after dinner, was the one known in military circles as 'the tale of the Golden Lions,' a sort of typical narrative which shifts its date to suit the times, and which, since the captain's day, has been permanently attached to the taking of the Chinese emperor's Summer Palace: but it does, in fact, pertain to an earlier epoch of British warfare, namely, that of the first Chinese war, in which the captain's colonel was engaged, and who (unless we are so bold as to disbelieve a baronet) told it to him with his own lips.

'It was about that opium business, as you doubtless remember, sir,' said the captain, addressing himself to his host, 'that the war was begun which ended in the opening of the ports.'

'I remember it well, Sir Reginald,' observed Mr Brown. 'I was stopped on my way to business, for the first time in my life, from mere curiosity to see the wagons that brought home the Chinese indemnity pass along the street. There were twenty-one millions of silver dollars—twenty-one millions,' repeated the old gentleman, smacking his lips, for the mention of a large sum of money was always music to him.

'That was the precise sum,' said the captain deferentially; 'though I should not have ventured to state it from my own recollection.'

'Ay, but I don't forget such things,' said the other, much pleased to find his own memory so complimented. 'It was the only war in which this country has been engaged through which we ever reaped a pecuniary advantage; that is one of the reasons why I am a peace-at-any-price man, and am not ashamed to own it, Sir Reginald.'

It was probable that the captain's opinion of peace-at-any-price men was not a very high one, but you would never have supposed so, had you seen his polite and almost assenting bow.

'Well, I was about to observe, sir, that large as that indemnity was, my present colonel—Markham—then a lieutenant in a foot regiment, had it once within his power (had he but known it) to have returned home with even a larger sum to his own cheek—I mean, at his private account at his banker's,' added the captain hurriedly. His speech was apt to be garnished by slang terms; and though, as he had proved, he could put a restraint upon himself in all important matters, these little verbal eccentricities would occasionally escape him. 'It was just before the preliminaries of peace were signed, and while the troops were before Canton.'

'It was Nankin, if it was anywhere,' observed Mr Brown severely, for that notion of 'one's own cheek,' as being synonymous with one's banker's

account, had savoured to him of something like profanity.

'I daresay you are right, sir; but, at all events, Markham himself, with a company or so of his regiment, found themselves separated from the main body of the army; they were on a foraging expedition, or more likely a marauding one, for Markham's captain had always an eye for "loot," and had ventured much farther into the interior of the country than he had any authority for doing. They knew that the war was at its close, you see, and that if anything valuable was to be got, it was to be picked up at once.'

'Upon my life, Sir Reginald,' said the old merchant, 'your tale, so far as it is gone, is not very complimentary to your cloth.'

'Well, you see, there are soldiers and soldiers: with some, all is fair in love and war—that is, in war.'

The slip was terrible. Most men in the speaker's position would have thought it irreparable, and given up their anecdote altogether; but the captain was made of cooler stuff.

'Of course it's wrong,' he continued; 'but there will be soldiers of fortune as long as the world lasts, like Major Dalgetty.'

'Is he in your regiment also?' inquired Mr Brown, with severity.

'O no, sir; I merely instanced him as the sort of man I am talking about. They are often good soldiers, and serve the state as well as themselves, we must remember. Look at Clive, for example, and—and—oh, a lot of fellows.'

It was now Mr Brown's turn to bow, which he did in very qualified adhesion to these sentiments.

'Well, Bob Markham and the rest marched a good way up the country—the people fleeing before them—till they reached a certain imperial residence of which they were in search. It was very splendidly furnished, and of course they sacked it. The walls of one room were lined with silver plates of half an inch thick—with the proceeds of some of which, by-the-by, Bob afterwards purchased his company. There had been hopes of jewels, I believe; but these had been removed, in anticipation of their visit; but altogether it was a great haul, and very glad they were to get back to camp with it—those, that is, that managed to do so, for they were cut off by the imperial troops, and had to fight their way through them. But the curious thing was that the Chinese themselves could never be persuaded that our men had reached the palace. They shewed their silver plates; but those carried no conviction. "Such splendours," they said, "were to be found in the house of many a rich mandarin. Had you really been to Bong-gata-boo (or whatever its name was), you would certainly have brought back its golden lions."

"What golden lions?" asked Markham, rather irritably, for he did not relish not being believed about such a matter, for the expedition had been a very smart thing.

"Why, the lions that guard the gates; you must have passed between them, if you ever got inside." Then he remembered that upon each pillar was a lion, in brass, as they had all supposed, about eight feet high, which some of the soldiers had pricked with their bayonets.

"Well, what about them?" he asked. "I saw the lions, of course."

"Only, that they are of solid gold, and the richest prizes in all China," was the reply.

'Perhaps he could never have got back alive with them; he always protests that he could not; but he and his men had beasts of burden with them, and other means of carriage; and he has often told me in confidence that it could have been done, had it ever entered into his mind that the images were of the precious metal. Then he tears his hair (what little is left of it), and proclaims himself the unluckiest dog alive, since he is only a colonel of Heavies; when he might, but for the merest chance, have been a millionaire, Mr Brown, like yourself.'

This last shot was a bold one, for it inspired no little risk to the shooter, but, fortunately for the captain, it went home. The story, with its flavour of gold about it, had greatly recommended itself to the old merchant; and this concluding hint at his own wealth, so far from making him suspicious of the captain's motives, was received with uncommon favour.

'Well, well; I don't know about being a millionaire, Sir Reginald,' answered he complacently; 'but I have reaped the usual reward of much frugality and toil.—If you won't take any more wine, young gentlemen, we will join the ladies.'

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—WAR IS DECLARED.

Dinner-time, and after dinner-time, at Willowbank, on this momentous occasion, had thus, we may say, been very successfully got over for all concerned. Thanks to the old merchant's forbearance, or respect for the baronetcy, and to the captain's intrepid behaviour, all disagreeable topics, as well as those embarrassing silences which are almost as bad, had been avoided. It was true that the talk had been confined to these two gentlemen; but Lotty and Lilian (who had also contrived to maintain with one another a conversation in an undertone full of interest for themselves) were thankful to have been excused from taking part in it; and Walter was by no means displeased to find himself second-fiddle—or, rather, playing no instrument at all—in the newly united family band. If he could only have escaped observation, and above all, interrogation, for the rest of the evening, he would have thought himself fortunate indeed; it would have been enough for him to watch the others in silence; to speculate, though with pain and sorrow, upon the causes that had produced the alteration in poor Lotty's looks; how it had come to pass that her pretty ways had vanished, and whether they had been stamped out for ever by poverty and neglect, or if, under the sun of her new-found prosperity, they might grow and bloom again. Upon the whole, he was not hopeful of her; she seemed to him like some bright and shapely vessel which had struck against a hard and jagged rock, and had only not gone down, and that its happy crew—"Youth at the helm, and Pleasure at the prow"—were dead and drowned. Nor did he hesitate to identify that rock with her husband. He was certainly indebted to Selwyn for having caused matters so far to go off so swimmingly that evening, without hitch or kink; but he was not grateful to him for it; he resented (though he felt that the captain was but acting a part) that he should seem so animated and careless, while his wife looked so wan and woful even in her new-found home. That she should sit with her sister's hand fast

clasped in hers, so silent, and, as it seemed to him, always on the brink of tears, filled him with pity, but also with anger against the man who had brought her to such a pass; and even that she could not give himself one smile of welcome or recognition—though that was made impossible by the necessity of the case—irritated him against the captain. Lillian indeed smiled upon him brightly, nay, gratefully, whenever he looked her way; but she too was pale and thoughtful, and had scarcely addressed a word to him throughout the evening. It was of course but natural that she should be occupied with her sister, and that her face should somewhat mirror that of Lotty; but he felt it hard that the reconciliation in which he himself had had so large a share should bear such bitter fruit for him. Perhaps, too, though he would not have confessed so much, he was somewhat jealous of the strides that the captain was making in the favour of his father-in-law; not that he wished him not to gain his good opinion, and all the benefits that might flow from it, but that, somehow, he felt that whatever influence Sir Reginald might acquire with Mr Brown, would be used to his own disadvantage. He had more than one secret of Selwyn's in his keeping—especially that one connected with Nellie Neale—the revelation of which might have done him serious harm; and though he would have perished rather than reveal any one of them, Selwyn might not give him credit for such chivalry, and in that case would have cause to fear, and therefore to intrigue against him. A man that would ill-treat his own wife—for he had ill-treated her—and especially such a winsome and delicate creature as Lotty, could not be expected to entertain honourable ideas, or, indeed, to stick at anything. Walter had thought hard things of his former friend more than once, and had repented of them; but now he entertained such thoughts without repentance.

He was standing by the drawing-room table with his coffee-cup in his hand, pretending to look at some engravings, but in reality occupied in these bitter reflections, when he heard Mr Brown address his son-in-law as follows: 'Have you been to the exhibition this year, Sir Reginald?'

Then Walter knew that it was coming; that the subject which had been so happily avoided up to that moment was about to be touched upon; and that he would be called upon to play some deceitful part in the discussion. How he wished that he had pleaded indisposition, or work to do at home—an excuse which his conscientious host would readily have admitted—and taken himself off immediately after dinner! But it was too late now.

'Well, the fact is, Mr Brown,' returned the captain, in a low voice, 'that, until the day before yesterday, when your generosity placed us upon quite another footing, dear Lotty and myself had not much money to spare for exhibitions, nor, indeed, for anything else.'

It was plain that the old merchant was pleased by this confession, or perhaps by the deferential and almost humble tone in which it was couched, for his manner altered at once from studied carelessness to a certain confidential assurance, as he rejoined: 'Well, well, all that is over now; let bygones be bygones. Of course, I cannot forget what has happened. I should be very culpable not to make a difference—and a great difference

—between the daughter who has disobeyed me, who has been undutiful, and her with whom I have had no cause to be displeased. But still I shall take care that Lady Selwyn shall possess an income for the future sufficient, with economy, to maintain her rank.'

'You are most kind, sir; much kinder than the—that is, than I have deserved of you,' returned the other. His words were those of gratitude, and, to his father-in-law, they doubtless seemed to express it; but, to Walter's more sensitive ears, who also knew the captain well, the tone in which they were spoken had both dislike and disappointment in it. He knew it must have been galling to such a man as Selwyn to have to humble himself to one like Mr Brown, and it also struck him that that mention of a difference—and a great difference—to be made between the daughters, had annoyed him excessively. He would have avoided playing the eaves-dropper, had it been possible, but their conversation had taken him utterly by surprise, and was now already concluded. The next words were addressed by Mr Brown to Walter himself.

'Our friend, Sir Reginald, has been telling me, Mr Litton, that he has not been to the exhibition this year, so that he does not know what a treat is in store for him in your Philippa. "Supplication," by-the-by, you call it, I believe; but that is no matter, for Sir Reginald will have a name of his own for it.'

'Indeed!' said the captain, with the most innocent air that his bold eyes and fierce moustaches would permit. 'How should that be?'

'Well, you must go and judge for yourself; but it seems to me, and to Lillian also, the most wonderful likeness—considering that it was quite undesigned—of Lotty herself.'

'Dear me! how curious!' said the captain, raising his eyebrows. 'What does Mr Litton call it?—"Supplication?" I will make a note of that,' and he took out a dainty case of ivory tablets, and entered the memorandum accordingly.

Walter felt hot and uncomfortable; he did not envy Selwyn his *sang-froid*, and yet he would have given anything to possess it. He was wroth with him, too, that he had not taken some course more likely to cut the conversation short; as it was, it was evident that the offensive topic was only just begun.

'Yes; it is in the third room of the Academy, in the left-hand corner as you enter,' continued the old man eagerly. 'You should go to-morrow, and see it. What is so surprising is, that Mr Litton never set eyes on Lotty before to-night.'

A dreadful silence seemed to fill the room as Mr Brown said this. The two girls sat with their cheeks burning, and their eyes fixed upon the floor. Perhaps they felt like Walter—as though the floor had suddenly opened, and that one false step would precipitate him, and Lotty with him, to utter destruction. Shame covered his face, and palsied his tongue.

'Well, I can answer for it, at all events, that my wife didn't sit for the portrait,' observed the captain, with a light laugh. 'We have been rather hard up; but Lady Selwyn never went out as a model, to my knowledge.'

'I should hope not,' observed the matter-of-fact merchant austere. 'I don't wish to say anything against any calling by which poor folks get an

honest living, but I am afraid the models of painters are not generally models of propriety.'

'Hollo! do you hear that, Mr Litton?' said the captain gaily. 'Come, draw and defend yourself. Was not your Philippa, Edward's queen, then, all that it seems you have represented her on canvas?—tender-hearted, pitiful, regal, modest, and all the rest of it?'

Walter had felt grateful to his quondam friend for the moment, for picking him out from that hole in the floor, but this impudent allusion to Nellie Neale was altogether too much for his patience.

'The model that sat for Philippa is as honest and good a girl as any I know,' said he, in a stern voice; 'though it is quite true that persons in her position are thrown much in the way of temptation, and—of scoundrels.'

Such an angry blush leapt to the captain's cheek, as told not only of guilt, but also of consciousness that the other knew him to be guilty; yet his answer was careless enough, as he replied: 'That is a pretty confession as respects you gentlemen-artists, Mr Litton; for my part, I thought it had become generally understood that there were no gay Lotharios now, except in the army.'

The presence of mind and quickness that the captain exhibited had been certainly far beyond what Walter (though he had always known him to be a clever fellow in his way) had believed him to possess; and he now began to credit him with other qualities, the existence of which he had never suspected in him, and which, perhaps, he had no reason to suspect. It seemed to him that there was a design in all Selwyn said; that even in that general remark, for example, respecting the gallantry of the military profession, he was either making light of his own behaviour to Nellie Neale, or, what was more likely, was paving the way for excuses with the old merchant, in case the matter should ever be brought up against him. If this was so, Mr Brown, of course, was quite unconscious of it.

'Well, well,' said he, 'let Mr Litton's original be who she may, he has made a most charming picture of her, of which I am glad to say I am the possessor. Indeed, it is so good, and also, as I have said, so like dear Lotty, that I have commissioned him to paint me a companion portrait of her sister. It is only just begun—that is, so far as Lillian is concerned—but I already recognise the likeness.'

This was said as though he was conferring the highest praise upon Litton's picture which such a work of art could receive; whereas, as all of us who are duly subject to authority in such matters are aware, likeness in such a case is a very secondary affair, if only 'tone,' and 'pose,' and 'meaning,' and a number of other æsthetic excellences, have been attained. A father, however, and especially a patron, may be excused for these little errors; and Walter bowed his acknowledgments, as gracefully as though Mr Brown had said: 'Your ideal has been realised.'

'Then Miss Lillian is Mr Litton's model for the present, is she?' inquired the captain, smiling.

'Well, of course, she does not go to his studio, Sir Reginald; our friend here is so good as to come here, and work.'

'Oh, indeed!' returned Selwyn, raising his eyebrows; 'that must be a very pleasant arrangement for him.'

There was such a marked significance in his tone, that even the old merchant understood the innuendo it was intended to convey, and answered with some stiffness: 'I hope so; we do all that we can to make it pleasant, though I am aware that we are putting Mr Litton to considerable inconvenience.'

But notwithstanding the friendship these words implied towards the young painter, the eyes of the speaker wandered to Lillian with an expression of anxiety, if not of alarm; and from that moment Walter felt convinced that Selwyn had declared war against him, nay, more, that he had come that evening with the express determination to declare it. There were immense odds in the captain's favour; not only from his position in the family, which might now be said to be established, but because, as he had himself observed, 'all was fair in war,' in his view of the matter; whereas, as he well knew, Litton was scrupulous even to chivalry. It was a contest between arms of precision and bows and arrows, which could have but one result.

Walter did not, however, deign to take notice of the other's hostility, even by a look (and, indeed, the captain had studiously kept his face averted from him during the last five minutes), but turned to Lotty with some commonplace observation, to which she confusedly replied. No person, however unobservant, could have failed to see that something had gone wrong, and yet it seemed to Walter that her embarrassment, as she answered him, was due to other causes than that knowledge. She had shot a nervous, frightened glance towards her husband, and her words had been very cold. Could it be possible that he had schooled her to refuse him her countenance, bidden her not only to ignore, but to forget that he had been and still was her friend? Or was she so conscious of her own wretchedness as to feel she had no cause to thank him for the hand he had had in giving her a husband—who was also a tyrant?

'I have some work to do at home, Miss Lillian, which your father's hospitality has caused me to neglect,' said Walter abruptly, and with a touch of bitterness that he could not wholly stifle. 'I must go now;' and he held out his hand to her.

'But you will come to-morrow at the usual time?' said she, in her clear sweet tones, made more distinct, as he fancied, even than usual, so that all in the room could hear her. 'My sister is very desirous to see you paint—are you not, Lotty?—and she is coming on purpose.'

'I don't know,' said Lotty hesitating; 'I should like it;' and again her eyes wandered towards her lord and master.

'O yes, you must come early,' put in Mr Brown authoritatively, 'and spend the day; and Sir Reginald can join us when he likes.—Well, if you must go, Mr Litton, you must; this is Liberty Hall, you know.' And Walter took his leave, exchanging only a nod with Selwyn.

As he walked home with his cigar in his mouth, his anger was still hot against the captain; but he could reflect upon what had happened with more patience than when he had been standing 'under fire,' as it were, in the drawing-room; and as usual with him, however angry, when time for thought was given him, he began to beat about in his own mind for excuses for the offender. If Selwyn really believed him to be capable of

telling what he knew about Nellie, it was perhaps natural, though certainly not right, that he should look upon him as his enemy. But *could* Reginald, after so many years of friendship, believe his friend so base? Might there not be some other reason that made him hostile to him. Might he not, for example, resent his having drawn that likeness of Lotty, notwithstanding that the result had been so favourable to his fortunes. Selwyn must surely know him too well to suspect him of entertaining any improper ideas with respect to his friend's wife; and, moreover, the captain was by no means a jealous man; he was too self-confident (and with reason) to be subject to any such passion. But the Somebody—and there *was* a possible Somebody in the person of Mrs Sheldon—might have put the notion into his head. By itself, he would doubtless have laughed at it; but coupled with the picture, was it not just within the range of possibility that it had made Selwyn jealous?

Nothing could be more unreasonable or more unjust than for him to be so; but if he was, his conduct became to a certain degree excusable. But, on the other hand, was such an explanation of his behaviour consistent with that significant remark of his, that the 'arrangement' of painting Lilian's picture at Willowbank must be 'very pleasant for Mr Litton?' It was so pleasant, that Walter confessed to himself that if it should be broken off, the greatest happiness of his life would thereby be taken away from him; and he had a sorrowful prescience that it would be taken away, and that at no distant date.

#### OLIVER CROMWELL'S HEAD.

OLIVER CROMWELL, Lord Protector of England, died at Whitehall Palace on the 3d September 1658. He had for some time been suffering from tertian ague, which might have been alleviated, if not removed, by the use of Peruvian bark, but with this remedy the medical practitioners of the period were unacquainted. During Oliver's protracted illness, his beard was suffered to grow, so that at his death his features were somewhat different from what they are usually represented in his portraits. We say nothing of the Protector's character, further than this, that his religious enthusiasm and regard for the principles of civil liberty, led him to take a stand against the arbitrary measures of Charles I., at whose trial and condemnation, he, and his son-in-law Ireton, and Bradshaw assisted. Though rising to power on the ruins of the monarchy, and in effect becoming an autocrat, Oliver was by no means a selfish or vulgar tyrant. He was a stern lover of justice, and under his firm rule, the nation enjoyed peace and prosperity. At his decease, he was only sixty years of age. Mourned both by his family and the public, his body was carefully embalmed, and lay in state at Somerset House, previous to burial with regal honours in Westminster Abbey. There, seemingly, was an end of the Protector, who was never more to be seen in this world; but this proved to be a mistake.

As a rule, the English are generous and forgiving. They do not take the mean advantage of striking a man when he is down; nor is it customary for them to revenge themselves on bodies torn from the grave. On this occasion, however, the nation was in a political paroxysm, as intemperate in its way as was that demonstrated by the French

revolutionists, when, in 1793, they rifled the tombs at St-Denis, and scattered their contents to the winds. In January 1661, when Ireton had been dead upwards of nine years; Cromwell, more than two years; and Bradshaw—deemed the principal regicide, from his having presided at the trial and condemnation of Charles I.—a year and two months, measures were taken to inflict vengeance on the three helpless bodies. It is not a pleasant subject to refer to, but in history we must take the bad with the good. In the present instance, there is not a little to be regretted. The three wretched corpses were officially dug from their graves, and ignominiously dragged in sledges to Tyburn. There they were hanged and beheaded, and their mutilated bodies buried beneath the gallows. One is almost ashamed to record proceedings so much at variance with the character of a generous and high-minded people. The horror that the circumstance inspires is significant of the advance in feeling since the seventeenth century.

What now became of the three heads? They had a distinct history, of which we propose to say something, and are much aided in doing so by the statements of an intelligent correspondent in the *Times* (December 31, 1874) which have not been invalidated. The heads, as we learn, were stuck on the top of Westminster Hall, on the ground below which at that time sentinels walked. 'Ireton's head was in the middle, and Cromwell's and Bradshaw's on each side respectively. Cromwell's head, being embalmed, remained exposed to the atmosphere for twenty-five years, and then, one stormy night, it was blown down, and picked up by the sentry, who, hiding it under his cloak, took it home, and secreted it in the chimney corner; and, as inquiries were constantly being made about it by the government, it was only on his deathbed that he revealed where he had hidden it. His family sold the head to one of the Cambridgeshire Russells; and, in the same box in which it still is, it descended to a certain Samuel Russell, who, being a needy and careless man, exhibited it in a place near Clare Market. There it was seen by James Cox, who then owned a famous museum. He tried in vain to buy the head from Russell; for, poor as he was, nothing would at first tempt him to part with the relic; but after a time, Cox assisted him with money, and eventually, to clear himself from debt, he made the head over to Cox. When Cox at last parted with his museum, he sold the head of Cromwell for two hundred and thirty pounds to three men, who bought it about the time of the French Revolution to exhibit in Mead Court, Bond Street, at half-a-crown a head. Curiously enough, it happened that each of these three gentlemen died a sudden death, and the head came into the possession of the three nieces of the last man who died. These young ladies, nervous at keeping it in the house, asked Mr Wilkinson, their medical man, to take care of it for them, and they subsequently sold it to him. For the next fifteen or twenty years, Mr Wilkinson was in the habit of shewing it to all the distinguished men of that day, and the head, much treasured, yet remains in his family.

The circumstantial evidence is very curious. It is the only head in history which is known to have been embalmed and afterwards beheaded. On the back of the neck, above the vertebrae, is

the mark of the cut of an axe where the executioner, having, perhaps, no proper block, had struck too high, and, laying the head in its soft, embalmed state on the block, flattened the nose on one side, making it adhere to the face. The hair grows promiscuously about the face, and the beard, stained to exactly the same colour by the embalming liquor, is tucked up under the chin, with the oaken staff of the spear with which the head was stuck up on Westminster Hall, which staff is perforated by a worm that never attacks oak until it has been for many years exposed to the weather.

'The iron spear-head, where it protrudes above the skull, is rusted away by the action of the atmosphere. The jagged way in which the top of the skull is removed throws us back to a time when surgery was in its infancy; while the embalming is so beautifully done, that the cellular process of the gums and the membrane of the tongue are still to be seen. Several teeth are yet in the mouth; the membrane of the eyelid remains, the pia-mater and the dura-mater, thin membranes, which I believe lie over the brain, may be seen clinging to the inner and upper part of the skull. The brain was, of course, removed, but the compartments are very distinct. When the great sculptor, Flaxman, went to see it, he said at once: "You will not mind my expressing any disappointment I may feel on seeing the head?" "O no!" said Mr Wilkinson; "but will you tell me what are the characteristics by which the head might be recognised?" "Well," replied Flaxman, "I know a great deal about the configuration of the head of Oliver Cromwell. He had a low, broad forehead, large orbits to the eyes, a high septum to the nose, and high cheek-bones; but there is one feature which will be with me a crucial test, and that is, that, instead of having the lower jaw-bone somewhat curved, it was particularly short and straight, but set out at an angle, which gave him a jowlish appearance." The head exactly answered to the description, and Flaxman went away expressing himself as convinced and delighted.

'The head has also a length from the forehead to the back of the head which is quite extraordinary; and one day, before Mr Wilkinson retired from practice, his assistant called him into the surgery to point out to him how exactly the shaven head of a lad who was there as a patient resembled the embalmed head of Cromwell up-stairs, and more particularly in the extreme length between the forehead and the occiput.

'Mr Wilkinson mentioned the circumstance to the gentleman who brought the lad to him. "No wonder," said the gentleman, "for this lad is a direct descendant of Oliver Cromwell, whose name, like this boy's, was Williams, before they changed it to Cromwell." It was curious that this type should re-appear or remain after so many years.

'When the head was in the possession of Samuel Russell, he was frequently intoxicated when he shewed it to his friends, and they cut off pieces of the hair, until the head was closely cropped.

'A correspondent in the *Globe*, of the 28th of September or thereabouts, believed that the body of Cromwell, after removal from the Abbey, was buried in Red Lion Square, and another body substituted, and sent on to Tyburn with Ireton and Bradshaw. But it is not probable they could have

obtained an embalmed body for the purpose. The embalmed head is now in the possession of Mr Horace Wilkinson, Sevenoaks, Kent. There is a small hole where the wart was on his forehead, and the eyebrows met in the middle. The head has the appearance of hard, dry leather. There are other details, and there is other circumstantial evidence, and there are records printed and published at the time; but I feel I must not trespass on your valuable space any further, although it is a subject in which many of your readers may take as great an interest as does SENECA.'

A subsequent correspondent of the *Times* has a doubt as to the head being that of Cromwell, hinting the possibility of its being that of Ireton or Bradshaw. But all circumstances, and more particularly the fact of the head having been embalmed, point pretty conclusively to the correctness of the belief, that the head above described is really that of the Lord Protector.

### A FRIENDLY GIFT.

I AM so fond of animals of all sorts, that I think Nature designed me to be the keeper of a menagerie, and to go about the country with caravans full of wild beasts. One, however, is apt to mistake his profession. Circumstances led me to be a wholesale grocer in the City, whose business is to judge critically of teas, sugars, and so on. In duty bound, and with a wife and family, I have endeavoured to make the best of my position; but always have had a clinging to animals. As matters stand, I am obliged to content myself with being a Fellow of the Zoological Society; with frequent visits to the Gardens of that honourable body, and in a small way keeping some animals on my own account. On one occasion, I went the length of keeping a young Bengal tiger—a most interesting creature—but receiving sundry hints from my neighbours that I was to be indicted for maintaining a dangerous nuisance, I quietly disposed of my acquisition to a well-known animal merchant.

The coast being so far cleared, the reader can imagine the pleasure with which I perused a note to the following purport, on arriving one morning at my office. It came from an acquaintance, a merchant with foreign dealings: 'An old correspondent, thinking to pay me a great compliment, writes that he has sent a young bear by the ship *Polar Star*, expected shortly to arrive. Knowing your fondness for animals, I shall be glad if you will accept it. Do not be profuse with thanks, for I do not know what to do with the beast.'

I had already several animals, but no bear; a young one could be easily managed; so I gladly accepted the gift.

On my return home in the evening, I, of course, informed my wife of my present; but with what a result! 'A gazelle, dear little thing; yes. But a bear? No! What would I do with him? Where would or could I keep him? Just remember your tiger.' All Benedicts know, however, that anything from a sealskin mantle to a handsome bracelet will

remove a mountain of difficulties. 'Room might perhaps be made in that old outhouse in the corner of the meadow, and with strong bars, there could be no danger or inconvenience.' The point thus satisfactorily settled, the cage was prepared, and made ready for bruin.

In due time the *Polar Star*, with her passenger, arrived; and I went on board to see my acquisition. I found bruin quietly walking about the deck, with a chain hanging from his neck. The sailors informed me he was a great favourite, very tame, quiet, and playful; and when I went up to him and patted him, I was delighted; he quite bore out the good character he had received. Bruin was to be well cared for during the night, and I promised to send for him next morning. I reached home quite elated, praising the good qualities of my bear; and my wife was delighted beyond measure. An envelope lying on the table contained a bill for a bracelet which had just arrived. I was so much taken up with my bear, that I had not noticed my wife's delight was caused by admiring her bracelet; it was a handsome one indeed, and so was the price.

I had sounded my man John, keeper of my zoological collection, about my bear. He cared nothing for a bear, especially a young one, after his experience with my tiger; but he made no demur; so I arranged he should be at the docks at ten o'clock next morning, and bring bruin in a cab to my office in the Lane. I expected him about eleven. Noon, 1 p.m. came; but no John—no bear; so I went to my lunch, leaving strict orders I was to be at once sent for on their arrival. Returning to my office, no sign of either; two, three, even four o'clock came; and as the hours passed, my anxiety kept rising as rapidly as a thermometer placed in a pot of cold water on a large fire would. Shortly after four, when my mental thermometer was at boiling-point, I heard shouts and yells, and instinctively looked through the window of my office: I then saw John pulling and tugging the bear along by his chain, and naturally surrounded by all the tag-rag and bobtail of the streets. The door of my sample-room was opened, and John and the bear admitted.

His followers, being excluded, amused themselves by trying to look through the keyhole, until, finding they could see nothing, their patience became exhausted, and they gradually withdrew to their accustomed haunts. John was thoroughly done up; but after a little stimulant, was able to account for his late appearance, much to my own astonishment, and that of some of my neighbours, who had called in to see my new friend. John told me he had got the bear quietly into a cab, but shortly bruin began to give unmistakable evidence that he much preferred being a passenger on board ship, to riding in a 'Growler' over the stones. He became very fractious, and at last, making a sudden spring, burst open the cab-door, and hauled poor John, who had hold of his chain, into the road. Once there, bruin became quieter; but cabby would have nothing more to do with him, and insisted, as was natural, on being paid not only for the distance he had come, but for the damage done to his cab. This, after a little time, John settled by handing the man a sovereign; and, as bruin was again on his good-behaviour, resolved

to lead him. Bruin went very quietly, until a Newfoundland dog good-temperedly wished to make his acquaintance. The best friends fall out occasionally; but bruin was determined not to make a friend of one so casually met, and immediately attacked the poor dog, and so severely pawed him, that he was glad to beat as hastily a retreat as his wounds would permit. John was beginning to get faint-hearted, but his courage had not quite deserted him; he obtained some buns, and with these, and not a little coaxing, at last managed to get him safely to my office. Whilst these adventures were being related, bruin had been very quiet; but when finished, he evidently thought that it was his duty to prove, as far as he could, John's truthfulness. I happened to have at that time a large lot of molasses for sale, and the different samples were standing on one of the tables. Whether he thought he should have had some more buns, or had a vague idea he had been brought from his native home to be trained as a grocer, I know not, but he suddenly sprang upon the table to inspect and taste my samples. My friends made a rush; I never knew until then, in how short a time about a dozen men—my neighbours, of course—can vanish through a doorway. I at once caught the chain, and got the 'taster' off the table; but no sooner on the floor, than he turned on me, and my shirt-front and waistcoat were torn to ribbons, my watch-chain broken; and there was no saying what might have been the result, had not John fortunately come to my assistance with the poker, and with two or three blows, happily succeeded in stunning my newly acquired treasure! Whilst he was in this state, we managed to secure him with the chain. But what to do now was the question. It was folly, under the circumstances, to think of taking him home; he had evidently not been licked into proper shape by his mother. What could I do with him? As a member of the Zoo, I would send him there. After some difficulty, when the package was known, John got a cart, and started with bruin, carefully secured, to the Regent's Park, taking a letter for my friend, Mr —. I felt relieved when I saw them off, and making the best of my rags, returned home, rejoicing the heart of my wife by informing her I had changed my mind, and did not intend keeping a bear. I was well out of the scrape; but it does not do to shout until you are out of the wood. A few hours later, John reached home with a letter from Mr —. He thanked me exceedingly for sending the bear, but as at the Zoological Gardens they were then full of bears, he much regretted he could not keep him. He would, however, take charge of him for three days, to give me a little time; &c.

A little time! It was a little time, and then I should have bruin thrown on my hands, perhaps on my shirt-front again. However, I was determined I would rather sell him, or give him to my hairdresser, than have him home. Fortune favours the brave. On the second day, I heard, by mere chance, that the Zoological Society at Amsterdam would be glad to receive him. I lost no time. I found out when the next steamer sailed; and, carefully secured in a strong cage, bruin made his second voyage.

Ursus arrived safely, is at present in good health, and seems very comfortable in his quarters; and I am comfortable too, in having got him off my

hands, and he so well taken care of. In this as in some other cases, a gift of an animal—though not a white elephant—may become a subject of considerable perplexity both to mind and pocket!

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WE all know that 'blacks' are plentiful in the air above our great towns; and Dr Angus Smith of Manchester has discovered various kinds of dust in the rain-water of that neighbourhood. But Professor Nordenskjöld of Stockholm, having caught falling snow, found in it minute particles of metal which he supposed to be iron, as they were attracted by the magnet. Examination of hailstones that fell at Stockholm, and of snow from icebergs in latitude eighty degrees, brought similar particles to light; and it now appears that this metallic dust is composed of iron, nickel, cobalt, carbon, and phosphoric acid. This remarkable discovery has prompted the suggestion, that the flashes and streams of light seen during displays of the aurora may be due to this dust having become incandescent by friction in our atmosphere. The peculiar striped appearance assumed by the light on some occasions might then be regarded as an effect of terrestrial magnetism. The question is a curious one, and will, no doubt, be further investigated. Are there countries where iron dust is more plentiful than in others; and are the inhabitants of those countries more vigorous than the people whose atmosphere has no iron? The Polar Expedition might investigate the question during the weary hours when they are frozen in.

As regards the Polar Expedition, the preparations are going on actively. The two ships, *Alert* and *Bloodhound*, are being strengthened to the utmost, so that they may resist the pressure of ice. The victualling department is engaged in cooking and compressing food of the best kind into the smallest possible space; and the navy tailors are busy over thick clothing, and fur coats and jackets, which may enable the crews to set the cold at defiance. As usual, when scientific advice is wanted, the Royal Society have been appealed to by the Admiralty, and they have recommended for appointment two naturalists who are to do what is needful for the botany, geology, and zoology of the countries and seas which we may hope will be discovered and explored. And in order that all on board may know what is needful, the Council of the Society have undertaken to prepare a Manual of advice and instruction in Physical Science, Natural History, Geology, and Ethnology; and the Geographical Society are to do the same for Physical Geography. So far, therefore, as knowledge and power can serve, the expedition will possess two essential elements of success.

An expedition to observe the total eclipse of the sun on the 6th of April next is also preparing. This eclipse will be visible in the east, and

observers are to be sent to some suitable place in India, to the islands of the Bay of Bengal, and to Siam. There is yet so much to be studied and learned as regards the constitution of the sun, that it is quite worth while to incur all the trouble and cost of a long voyage to observe an eclipse, especially as there are some particulars which can be made out during an eclipse, but at no other time. The king of Siam has promised to receive as his guests the observers who may be sent to Bangkok, and to aid their work according to their requirements. The period of totality in the forthcoming eclipse will be from four to five minutes, in which time, with favourable weather, a series of important observations may be made. Before these lines appear in print, the observers will be on the way to their several stations.

Mr J. G. Rowe, manager of the Aylesbury and Buckingham Railway, has invented what he calls the 'Relume Signal-lamp,' which, as the name indicates, will relight itself, should the flame by any chance have been extinguished. The oil-chamber of the lamp, which has two or three wicks, rotates and is regulated by a spring. A stud connected with a bar formed of two metals, brass and steel, locks the chamber, and holds it in place while it (the bar) is heated by the flame. But should the flame go out, the bar cools, shrinks, releases the stud, unlocks the oil-chamber, which immediately flies round, impelled by its spring, while certain matches suitably placed take fire, and kindle one of the spare wicks, and thus the lamp is relighted automatically. It is obvious that a lamp which can be depended on to maintain its light, would be especially useful as a signal-lamp on a railway, or indeed anywhere.

In this case, the result is obtained by the compound bar, and the difference of expansion between the two metals. By a modification of the contrivance, a safety-lamp is produced, to which the inventor gives his own name, and calls it the 'Rowe.' After it has been lighted a quarter of an hour, the heat locks it so fast that it can only be opened by blowing out the light and leaving the lamp to cool. While waiting a quarter of an hour in the dark, a miner would have time to 'consider his ways.'

Should every man in the realm be required to become a soldier, as in Germany? is a question which has been much discussed of late. Without attempting a solution, it may be answered that every man should at least know how to defend himself. Military history abounds in instances of successful defences made by digging intrenchments and felling trees; and to this end Captain Stewart Harrison suggests an implement which, combining pick, spade, axe, and mantlet, he calls the 'Burgoyne'—a name dear to engineer officers. The spade is to be of steel with sharp edges, so that it could be used as an axe; the handle is a steel tube into which a saw-bayonet or an auger may be fitted. With these appliances and a stout rope, a few men might very soon intrench themselves. Periodical drill at this sort of work might be made a recreation, as rowing, cricket, or football, and with greater contingent advantages. Captain Harrison reminds us that the most expensive articles used in war are soldiers; and that 'no mental, moral, or physical qualities will render men bullet-proof, while a few inches of earth or timber will easily do so.'

By availing himself of well-known contrivances, namely, bright spots on a dark ground, or points of light, the captain has produced his 'Stellar Abacus' for day and night signals. With six rows of points, one million signals can be made; they can be kept under observation for any length of time, and in seasons of danger the code may be changed every day or night, and they are available in any language. Any one desiring further information on these inventions may apply to Captain Harrison, Sutton Place, Hackney.

The use of the steam-whistle as a signal for mariners is spreading. A whistle has been erected on the extremity of Cape d'Or in the Bay of Fundy, which, during thick weather, fog, or snow-storms, blows a blast of six seconds' duration twice in each minute. The sound will be heard to a distance of twenty miles in calm weather, and from five to eight miles during storms; and will thus give timely warning to vessels approaching the coast.

If the land is dangerous to ships, landmen are at times more dangerous, seeing that, for greed of gain, they send ships to sea in an unseaworthy condition. It is argued that the ships are surveyed before they are sent to sea; but the answer is—How are they surveyed? It has been suggested that the effectual way to prevent the lamentable loss of life to which seamen are now liable, would be that, on proof of the unseaworthiness of a ship, the policy of insurance should be forfeited both by the owner and the underwriter. Government is expected to do something vigorous in the matter, at least, as regards overloading.

Steel wire is made for the strings of pianofortes. Sir William Thomson recommends that a wire of this kind should be used instead of a rope for deep-sea sounding. For this purpose it has many advantages: its weight and friction are exceedingly small in comparison with the weight and friction of a rope. A sounding in a depth of two thousand seven hundred fathoms has been taken with a steel wire in the Bay of Biscay with complete success. The sinker weighed thirty pounds, and brought up in the tube attached to it a specimen of the bottom. To facilitate the hauling up, Sir W. Thomson makes use of a supplemental pulley, which bears the weight of the sinker while the wire is wound without strain on the principal roller. To preserve the wire from rust, when out of use, it is kept always immersed in a solution of caustic soda. The small space in which three thousand fathoms of steel wire can be packed, is a further advantage, that will no doubt be considered in the fitting-out of ships in which economy of stowage is essential.

Steel wire is now used in the manufacture of ships' cables and tow ropes. The ropes and cables thus produced are remarkable for their strength and flexibility, and for the small space they occupy in comparison with hemp-ropes and chain-cables. A rope two inches in diameter will bear a strain of one hundred tons without breaking: the strength is uniform throughout; whereas, on testing chain-cables, defective links are always discovered. The cost, too, is moderate. A ship of three thousand tons must have three hundred and sixty fathoms of two-and-a-half-inch chain-cable, which weighs forty-five tons, costs about twelve hundred pounds, and is tested up to ninety-one tons of breaking-strain. A steel cable five and a half inches in circumference, equal, as above stated, to more than one hundred tons of strain, costs four hundred pounds only, and

weighs not more than five tons in the same length, namely, three hundred and sixty fathoms. After reading this, we cannot help asking, are the merits of steel cables as widely known as they ought to be?

It has been known for many years that iron can be deposited by means of electricity: as a scientific fact, it was interesting to metallurgists; but the iron so deposited was too brittle to be useful. Of late years, the process has been modified and improved, and Mr Klein of St Petersburg can now produce electro-deposited iron which is 'perfectly malleable, eminently flexible and elastic, and, like sheet-steel, may be welded. In a word, it possesses all the characteristics of an excellent forged iron.' Considering the numerous applications of which iron is capable, this process is likely to become of great value.

The Devon Great Consols mine discharges a prodigious quantity of water into the river Tamar, and, considering that this waste-water is impregnated with arsenic, the Commissioners for inquiring into the pollution of rivers are of opinion that some special precautions should be taken against harmful results. The manufacture of arsenic in this country amounts to more than five thousand tons a year, and one-third of this enormous quantity is produced in the mine above named. The Commissioners, we are told, 'saw stored in the warehouses of the mine, ready packed for sale, a quantity of white arsenic probably sufficient to destroy every living animal upon the face of the earth.' Where the manufacture is on such a scale, it is easy to see that a river may be poisoned by the influx of waste-water from the arsenic works, to say nothing of the noxious fumes that escape into the air. Such being the elements of mischief, it seems impossible not to agree in the conclusion, that 'it is only reasonable (as is now the case with the retail sale of arsenic) that the manufacture of a poison so virulent should be subject to special state supervision; and that an officer should be empowered to require that the best practicable means be taken not only to prevent the poisoning of the air by the volatilisation of the mineral, but also to hinder the access of the poison to running water.' The public health should surely be the supreme consideration.

From a paper read at a recent meeting of the Geological Society, we learn that the microscope has become of importance in determining the structure of rocks, and that, in consequence, certain rocks about which doubts prevailed can now be classified with certainty. For example, there are groups of volcanic rocks, and the microscope has enabled the observer to determine which are the oldest rocks in the several series. This has been an exceedingly difficult question, for the reason that volcanic rocks and even ashes have been strangely 'metamorphosed' by the action of heat subsequently to their first ejection. It is now possible to distinguish between a 'normal lava' and the reconsolidated ashes; and in discussing the paper, Mr David Forbes explained the difference between volcanic ash and tuff or tufa. The ashes, as he states, are purely sub-aërial formations thrown out of the volcanic orifice, and falling down on land or water according to local conditions. Tuffs, on the contrary, are molten lava poured out into or under water, whereby they become at once cooled and disintegrated into fragments or powder,

in proportion as the action of the water proved more or less overpowering. Professor Ramsay followed with the remark, that in the volcanic region of Wales the ashes had been thrown out of old Silurian volcanoes, first beneath the surface of the sea, and afterwards above water, as the vents increased in height. The green slates, he said, were fine ashes thrown out upon land.

An engineer at Dublin, who is building breakwaters and harbour-works, constructs concrete blocks that weigh three hundred and fifty tons each, and then, by a clever contrivance, sinks them to their place at the bottom of the sea, and thus, in a comparatively short time, brings the work above the low-water mark, when the upper portions can be built in the usual way. This saves all the trouble and cost of coffer-dams and pumps, and must be regarded as a triumph of engineering.

It is known to some of our readers that the Royal Society have compiled and published a Catalogue of Scientific Papers in six volumes 4to. These volumes contain the titles of papers published in the Transactions of Societies, and in scientific periodicals in all parts of the civilised world between 1800 and 1863, and their value as a work of reference is everywhere recognised. At the annual meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, a suggestion was made that a Catalogue of Engineering Information similarly compiled might be undertaken with advantage. As the Report of the meeting states, 'it would be invaluable to an engineer in practice, as it would give him the means of ascertaining, if not exactly what had been done in certain cases, at least the amount and kind of information on record in regard to particular subjects.'

The Europeans in Japan have formed an Asiatic Society, and have published two volumes of *Transactions*, which is a gratifying sign of activity apart from commercial enterprise. The scope of the Society may be judged of by a few titles of papers from the volume which has just appeared: 'A Journey from Yedo to Kusatsu'; 'Constructive Art in Japan'; 'The Games and Sports of Japanese Children'; 'Winds and Currents in the Vicinity of the Japanese Islands'; 'Has Japanese an affinity with Aryan Languages?' and 'Concerning Deep-sea Sounding.'

Our notice, in a previous *Month*, of Herr Bachmaier's dictionaries, in which numerals take the place of words, has brought upon us what the French call 'reclamations' from different quarters. In some instances, it is implied that somehow or other certain persons are aggrieved by our notice; some of them had 'thought' of a similar publication, while others held a copyright. Our answer is, that Bachmaier's dictionaries were first published seven years ago, and have ever since been advertised, reviewed, and consulted. And further, that the learned German is not the first inventor of that kind of book. In 1856, the Board of Trade published *The Commercial Code of Signals for the Use of all Nations*, in which numerals represent words, and embodying a most ample vocabulary, comprising about six thousand words and sentences, and about three thousand names of countries, islands, ports, and capes. This book has been translated into seven, at least, of the languages of Europe. It was originated by a distinguished naval officer, whose name is held in high honour north of the Tweed, who availed him-

self of scraps and suggestions already existing, and did not claim to be an inventor. We are always willing to answer legitimate inquiries, but we protest against being held responsible for imaginary grievances.

#### WAITING.

'Tis time you drew the curtain, child, and latched the open door;  
Put out the useless candle—there is daylight on the moor;  
And if he comes back in the day, be it early, be it late,  
He'll find the track across the heath that leads him to our gate.

I'll lay me down upon the bed, but I shall wake to hear  
The faintest footfall on the grass, or ever it draw near;  
'Tis many a year; yet I should know his step as well to-day,  
As when I checked my sobs to hear its echo die away.

'Tis many a year; I sometimes wish, the while I watch at night,  
And feel my heart grow colder with the coming of the light—  
I wish my hope could die away as dies the lamp at morn;  
I wish I could sit down and weep, and know myself forlorn.

I wish that I could shut my heart as you bar out the sun,  
And sit in darkness, yet in peace, until my life were done;  
I'm weary listening all the night for what I never hear;  
I'm weary counting how the days make up another year.

And if he comes, it is so long, so long I've waited now,  
Oh, will he know me with these lines deep traced upon my brow?  
He'll look to see a knot of curls, like one that he has kept,  
And worn, I know, upon his heart, the while he waked or slept.

He'll look to clasp a little hand that once was firm and white:  
(Feel how it shakes, child, just to think if he should come to-night);  
From scanty hair, and lined fate, and figure shrunk and bent,  
How could he guess the beating heart, whose love is all unspent!

It would be worst of all to see him try to hide the pain,  
To hear the old fond words, and see the old dear looks again;  
To hold his warm brown hand, close pressed, and know at heart the while  
That when he turned his face aside, the lips forgot their smile.

I'm fain to give up hope, and rest from weary day and night  
In soft gray gloaming, that may end, who knows, in sudden light:  
There are some joys most near, they say, when every hope seems past,  
And if I cease to watch and wait, my love may come at last.

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